

PS  
1102  
B9  
Y6  
1886  
YY

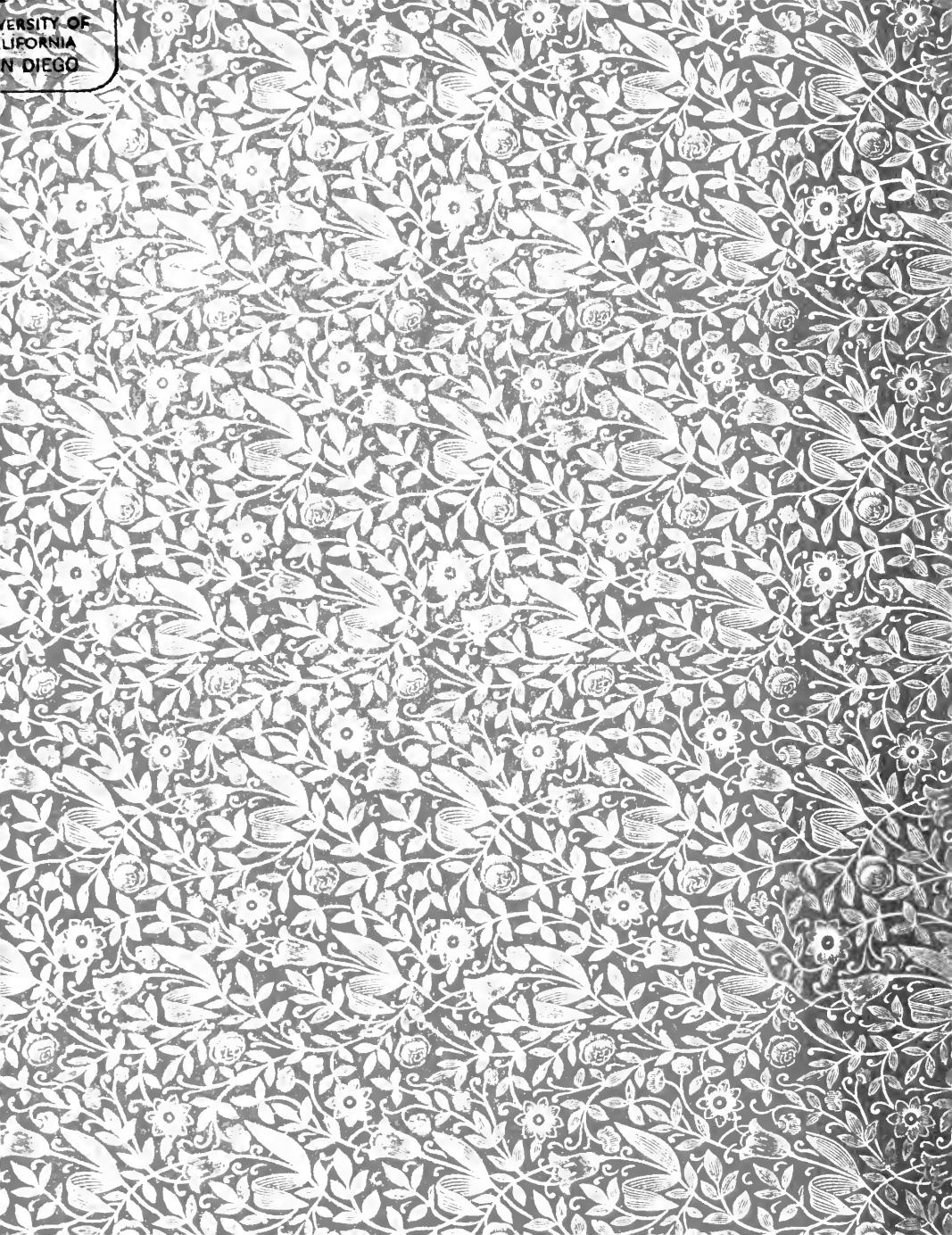
A  
A  
000  
274  
978  
6

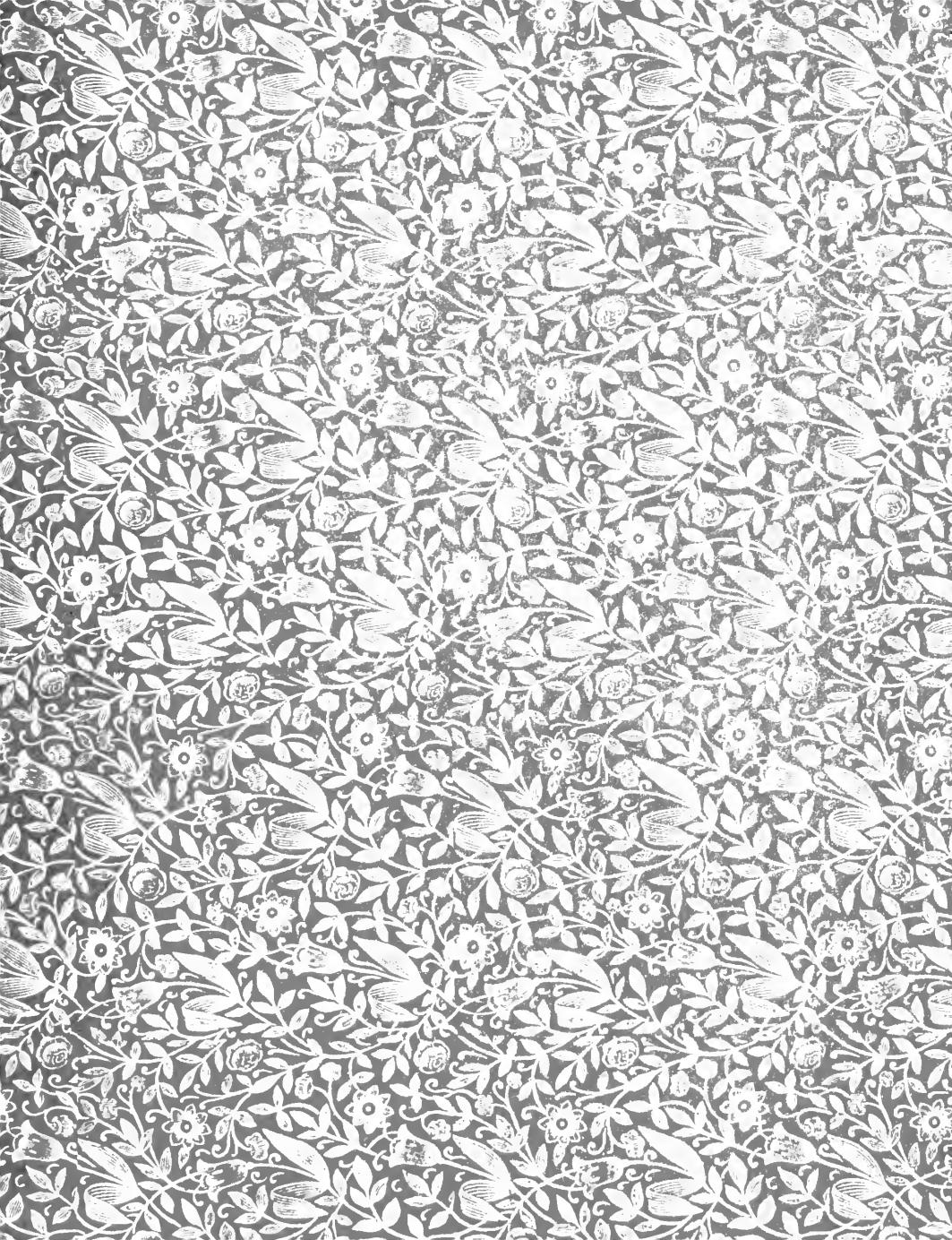
U.C. SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

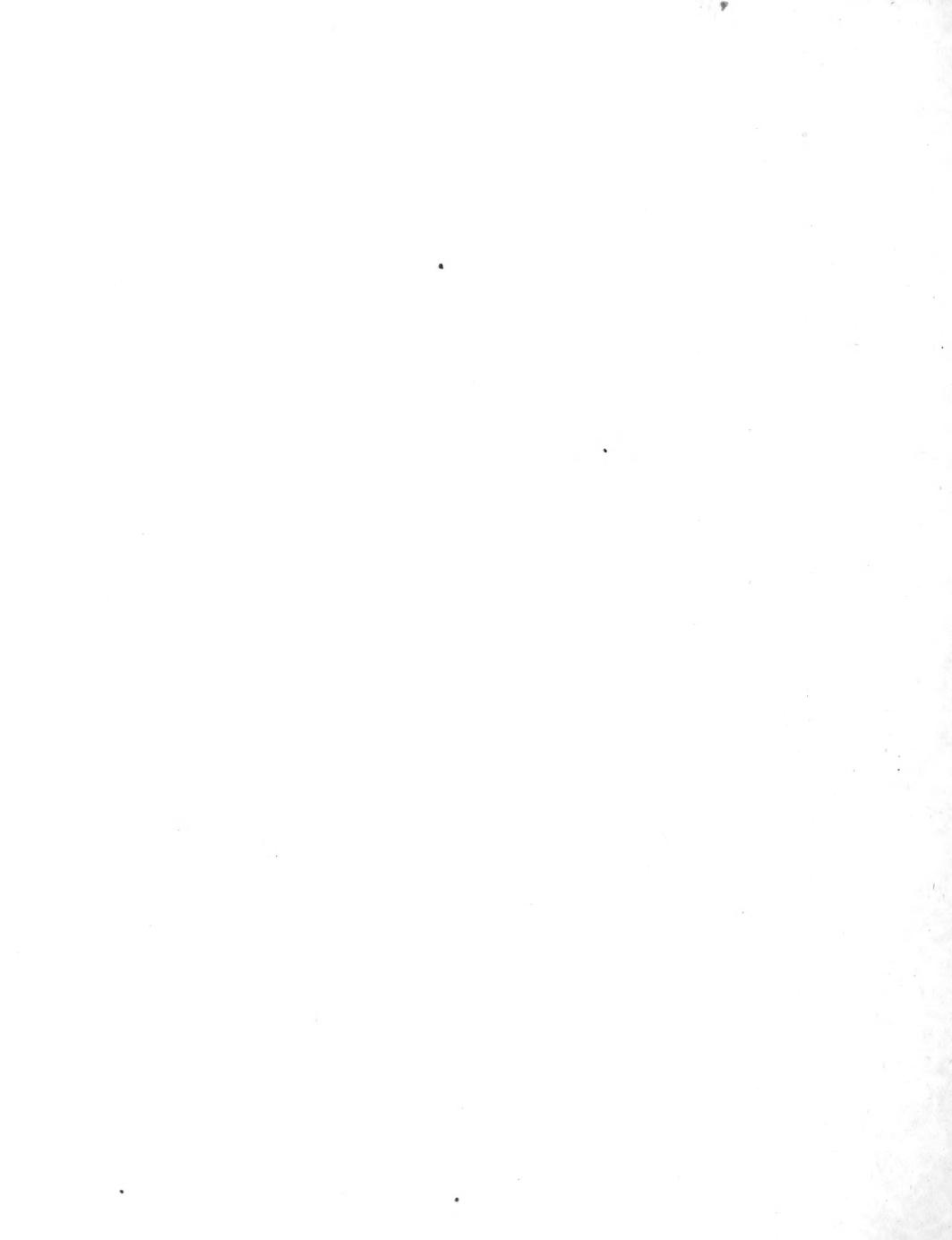
# YOUHTA IN THE FIVE CENTURIES



IVERSITY OF  
LIFORNIA  
N DIEGO







PS

10/22

B-9

70

885

885



# YOUTH IN TWELVE CENTURIES

POEMS BY  
M.E.B.



DRAWINGS BY  
F.CHILDE HASSAM

PUBLISHED BY D. LOthrop & CO.  
BOSTON 1886.

Copyright, 1887,  
by  
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY.



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
TAIA, OF THEBES . . . . .	11
THOTHMES, OF KARNAK . . . . .	12
NAN-TZE, OF NGAN-KING . . . . .	17
CHOM-SIN, OF KIN-YUEN . . . . .	18
CALYCE, OF ATHENS . . . . .	23
TYRTAEUS, OF CORINTH . . . . .	24
CLAUDIA, OF ROME . . . . .	29
VESPASIAN, OF ROME . . . . .	30
HADASSEH, OF TIBERIUS . . . . .	35
GAMALIEL, OF JERUSALEM . . . . .	36
GWENCH'LAN, OF SOISSONS . . . . .	41
FRIEDMUNDA, OF CHALON . . . . .	42
RANGHILDA, OF LUNDE . . . . .	47
SIGURD, OF JOMSBURG . . . . .	48
ZAHRA, OF BAGDAD . . . . .	53
ABULCASEN, OF DAMASCUS . . . . .	54
LIPPO, OF FLORENCE . . . . .	59
GUISTINA, OF FERRARA . . . . .	60
GIDEON, OF TAVISTOCK . . . . .	65
AUDREY, OF YORK . . . . .	66
GABRIELLE, OF TOULON . . . . .	71
ANDRE, OF PARIS . . . . .	72
JONATHAN, OF BOSTON . . . . .	77
DOROTHY, OF PHILADELPHIA . . . . .	78

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/youthintwelvecen00hass>

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
TAIA, OF THEBES . . . . .	14
THOTHMES, OF KARNAK . . . . .	15
NAN-TZE, OF NGAN-KING . . . . .	20
CHOM-SIN, OF KIN-YUEN . . . . .	21
CALYCE, OF ATHENS . . . . .	26
TYRTAEUS, OF CORINTH . . . . .	27
CLAUDIA, OF ROME . . . . .	32
VESPASIAN, OF ROME . . . . .	33
HADASSEH, OF TIBERIUS . . . . .	38
GAMALIEL, OF JERUSALEM . . . . .	39
GWENCILAN, OF SOISSONS . . . . .	44
FRIEDMUNDA, OF CHALONS . . . . .	45
RANGHILDA, OF LUNDE . . . . .	50
SIGURD, OF JOMSBURG . . . . .	51
ZAHRA, OF BAGDAD . . . . .	56
ABULCASEN, OF DAMASCUS . . . . .	57
LIPPO, OF FLORENCE . . . . .	62
GUISTINA, OF FERRARA . . . . .	63
GIDEON, OF TAVISTOCK . . . . .	68
AUDREY, OF YORK . . . . .	69
GABRIELLE, OF TOULON . . . . .	74
ANDRE, OF PARIS . . . . .	75
JONATHAN, OF BOSTON . . . . .	80
DOROTHY, OF PHILADELPHIA . . . . .	81







## YOUTH IN TWELVE CENTURIES



## TAIA, OF THEBES.

1500 B. C.

UNDER the temple's shadow  
Within her palace gates,  
The golden snood of the virgin  
Binding her thick black hair,  
Calling her silken litter,  
Taia the Theban waits ;  
While hymning of priest and maiden  
Soars through the quiet air,  
Rising to Isis, the Giver,  
As they march to the Sacred River.

Soon with the long train moving  
Over the waiting lands,  
Through waving tufts of palm-trees  
Cooling the springs below,  
Where the shade of the Sphinx falls grateful  
Over the burning sands,  
To their preans of joy will be added  
Her accents sweet and low ;  
Rising to Isis, the Giver,  
As they march to the Sacred River.

THOTHMES, OF KARNAK.

1500 B. C.

BRING forth the chariot, Strabo,  
And deck the steeds with pride;  
To-day amid my father's train  
In princely garb I ride!  
No more for me our boyish games  
Or comrades' jocund call,  
No more with fleet foot in the race  
To chase the flying ball—  
Who once puts youth's bright garments on,  
Lays childhood's joy aside.

Now for the clash of shield and lance,  
The shock of legions hurled  
On gory fields, till victory rests  
With standard fair unfurled!  
Thou dread Osiris! who doth watch  
Above the deeds of men,  
Inspire my soul and nerve mine arm  
Till in me lives again  
The spirit that raised Egypt up  
As Mistress of the World.





TAIA, OF THEBES.



THOTHMES, OF KARNAK.



NAN-TZE, OF NGAN-KING.

800 B. C.

To wander in the gloaming  
By the Yangtse's yellow sands  
To fret the shining plumage  
Of my pheasant's golden wing,  
To hear the bittern croaking  
Across the marshy lands,  
Or mid the banyan shadows  
To hear the bulbul sing,  
—What else is left to fill  
A maiden's heart and hands?

Roses of love and pleasure  
My brother's coming greet;  
Glad for his hand's strong clasping  
The warrior's glory waits,  
Over his fortunate pathway  
The sun shines fair and sweet,  
Joy of the future beckons  
And opes her welcoming gates,  
—What path but sorrow lies  
Before a maiden's feet?

## CHOM-SIN, OF KIN-YUEN.

800 B. C.

LITTLE I care for the glamour  
And fame of princely deeds!  
Little I care for the glory  
And tinsel of soldiers' joys!  
Rather I'd chase the ball  
With the noisy chattering boys;  
Or measure my gaudy treasures  
Of pipes and kites and toys,  
Lying in golden sunshine  
On mats of rushes and reeds!

Plague on the ruby button  
And peacock feathers of state!  
—When murderous hordes of the Mongols  
From over the mountains come,  
Striking with barbarous strength  
In fury savage and dumb,  
Let others go forth to meet them  
With spear and dagger and drum,  
I'd rather look out on the battle  
From behind the sheltering gate!





NAN-TZE, OF NGAN-KING.



CHOM-SIN, OF KIN-YUEN.



## CALYCE, OF ATHENS.

400 B. C.

UNDER the marble arch  
    Of the inner court remote,  
Harking the pealing music  
    That rings in the joy-bells' note,  
While in the street without,  
    And the thronging market-places,  
They welcome the crowned lord,  
    Victor of games and races,  
With surging thunders of sound  
    And clamor of hoarse glad throat,

—What is it all to me,  
    Barred from life's tumult sweet,  
Hearing but echoes of all  
    That passes in hall or street;  
Ah! but for one swift glance  
    Where his glorious path rejoices  
Through arches triumphant of palm  
    And jubilant greeting of voices!  
To drop one red, red rose  
    To be crushed by his conquering feet!

## TYRTAEUS, OF CORINTH.

400 B. C.

*(Outside the Sacred Grove of Jupiter.)*

O day beloved of gods and men,  
In happy omen rise!  
Smoke on the altar-stone of Zeus,  
O joyous sacrifice!  
For now within the Sacred Grove  
The chanting priests proclaim  
The opening of those lofty rites,  
Whose end shall give to fame  
Another hero, and to Greece  
One more immortal name!

See how the thronging athletes press  
The fair Olympian meads;  
Bœotian wrestlers; and the straight  
Swift race that Sparta breeds;  
Strong charioteers of Thessaly;  
And Thracian spearsmen brave;  
— Ah! if but once mine ardent foot  
Might press the stadium's pave  
What higher gift of gods or men  
Could hope or glory crave!





CALYCE, OF ATHENS.



TYRTEUS, OF CORINTH.



## CLAUDIA, OF ROME.

50 B. C.

O DAWN of the gods beloved  
How rarely thy coming thrills—  
To-day we go to the villa  
On the crest of the Alban Hills!  
Freely I change for its freedom  
The splendor of court and hall,  
The splash of the marble fountain,  
The glow of the pictured wall,  
The mirrors of shining silver—  
Gladly I leave them all.

I tire of the glittering sameness  
That marks the splendid town!  
But there, through golden vineyards,  
Fair cascades sparkle down,  
Branches of cypress and olive  
Tangle the sunshine still,  
The wood-doves coo in the branches,  
And sweet leaves dance at will  
To the hymn of the Vestal Virgins  
On the beautiful Alban Hill.

## VESPASIAN, OF ROME.

44 B. C.

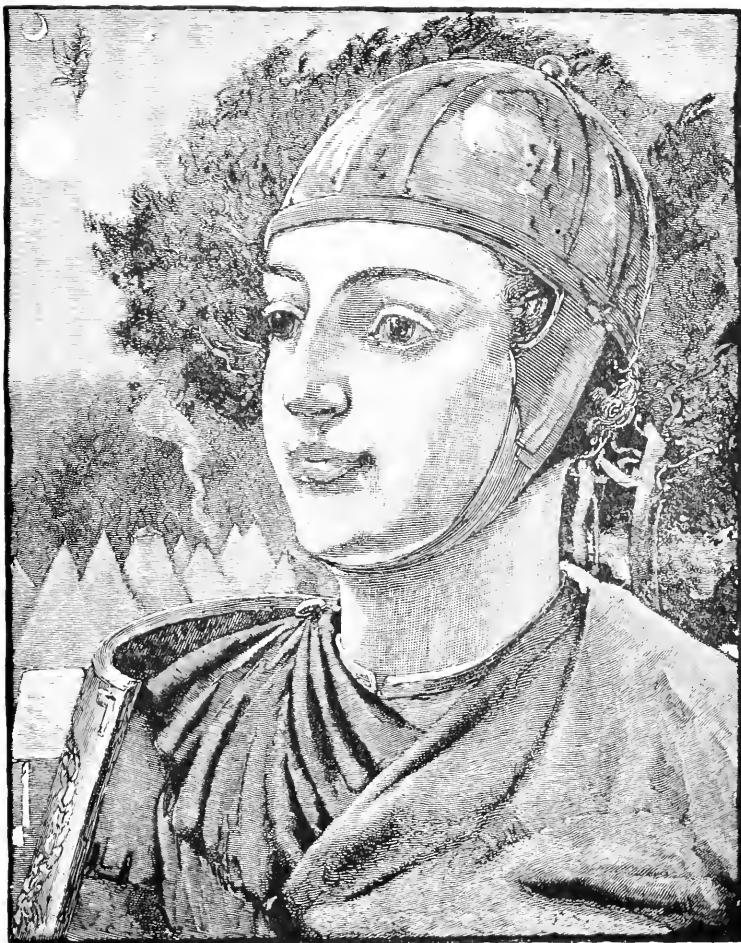
“Come forth! Come forth! my Titus,”  
The young Vespasian calls:  
“Nor rest, nor sleep, have place to-night  
Within the city’s walls;  
The gates are choked with crowding,  
The air is rent with cries,  
A thousand torches’ flaming light  
Defy the gloomy skies  
Where the great Consul, done to death  
By Brutus’ dagger, lies!

“Drop from your hand the unrolled chart,  
And fling the stylus by;  
What are such teachings worth to us  
When such a man could die!  
More than all fame their lore can bring,  
Give me to say instead  
—What time the thin white frosts of age  
Shall rest upon my head—  
‘A boy, in Rome, mine eyes once looked  
Upon our Cæsar — dead !’”





CLAUDIA, OF ROME.



VESPASIAN, OF ROME.



## HADASSEH, OF TIBERIAS.

A. D. 90.

COME to the house-top, Rachel !  
The waning day droops low ;  
Wrap round thy braids the Tyrian scarf,  
For cool the night winds blow ;  
And bring thy light stringed nebel  
To aid the sad sweet song  
That sings in every Jewish heart  
Its tale of grief and wrong —  
While o'er the lake Gennesareth  
The red sun sinks to meet its death !

Bid from the inner terrace  
Amrah, the bond-maid, bring  
Fresh wheaten cakes and honey,  
Clear water from the spring ;  
Here we will take our evening meal,  
And rest, till floating by  
The pale moon sails her magic boat  
Across the deep blue sky,  
And in the lake Gennesareth  
The red sun sinks to meet its death !

## GAMALIEL, OF JERUSALEM.

A. D. 70.

O YERUSHALAIM the Holy !  
The crown of thy peace is fled !  
Under the yoke of the spoiler  
The pride of thy life hath sped !  
Low are the climbing arches  
Of thy Temple wondrous fair,  
Like a sheaf of silver fountains  
That rose through the sunlit air,  
And under the wreck of its glory  
The priests of thy faith lie dead !

From the place of our power and gladness,  
Whither we go who knows ?  
From halls of our fathers to bondage ;  
From arms of our mothers to blows ;  
To chains and thirst and hunger ;  
To toil on the strangers' shore ;  
To serve at the Roman's table ;  
To bend at the Roman's oar —  
Jehovah ! Thou God of the Mighty !  
Remember thy people's woes !





HADASSEH, OF TIBERIAS.



GAMALIEL OF JERUSALEM.



GWENCH'LAN, OF SOISSONS.

A. D. 475.

TRAINED for the chase and the foray;  
Fearless in danger and woe;  
Eager for strife and for glory;  
Cruel to slave and to foe;  
Light is his foot in the dance  
When cymbal and harp-notes call,  
But swift from his hand in battle  
The rain of the spear-points fall —  
Hoch! for the son of Chararie!  
Hoch! for Gwench'lan the Gaul!

Eyes of the hawk look forth  
From under his martial crest;  
Steel is his sinewy arm;  
Fire is the heart in his breast;  
Hither the silver armilla,  
And hither the chain of gold,  
For young is the boy in years,  
But valor hath made him old —  
Hoch! for the son of Chararie!  
Hoch! for Gwench'lan the Bold!

FRIEDMUNDA, OF CHALONS.

A. D. 475.

LLANTILDIS ! Llantildis !

Now wherefore dreaming there,  
While onward to the Field of Mars  
Press Jarl and Prince and Frère !  
Doth our dull life so many strands  
Of joy and brightness hide  
Thou canst forego so brave a sight  
As when the warriors ride,  
At joust and tourney playing,  
To silver trumpets braying !

Nay ! never heed thy tresses ;

The braids are smooth and bright ;  
Snatch thy long mantle from the bench  
And set thy veil aright ;

Nor care to-day if in the web

No single stitch is set,  
Nor if against the cage's bars  
Thy pet birds moan and fret,  
— But baste where sword-strokes flashing,  
Beat time on bronze shields clashing !





GWENCH'LAN, OF SOISSONS.



FRIEDMUNDA, OF CHALONS.



## RANGIHLDA, OF LUNDE.

A. D. 850.

Look at my bracelets, Gudrun,  
Heavy with gold and pearl,  
Snatched from the dead white arm  
Of a timid Danish girl!  
And here be necklets of silver  
And tunics of silken sheen,  
Torn from the regal treasure  
Of some pallid Eastern queen,  
And brought from red fields of slaughter  
To the feet of the Sea King's daughter!

Cover the floor with rushes,  
Kindle the fires in the hall,  
Hide with the broidered arras  
The beams of the smoke-stained wall;  
Freyga! Mother of Heroes!  
Thanks for thy bounteous hand,  
That wins for us spoil and glory  
On the shore of the stranger's land,  
And brings from the blood-stained water  
New joy for the Sea King's daughter!

## SIGURD, OF JOMSBURG.

A. D. 850.

Down through the Drontheim fiord  
Sail the ships lightly,  
On their decks shield and sword  
Shine, gleam brightly,  
Viking and hero stand,  
Armor on shoulder,  
Stern eyes and stature grand  
Awe the beholder—  
How doth my heart beat high,  
With them to fight or die!

When flows the mead at night  
And scalds are singing  
Deeds of the Norseman's might  
To harp-strings ringing,  
If in the song of fame,  
Of good blows telling,  
I could but hear my name  
In wild shouts swelling—  
Thor! for that moment high,  
Glad at thy feet I'd die!





RANGHILDA, OF LUNDE.



SIGURD OF JOMSBURG.



## ZAHRA, OF BAGDAD.

A. D. 1150.

Now who hath seen my Zahra?

Too long hath she been roaming,  
And dancing to the castanets

Beneath the date tree's shade;  
Here waits the empty water-jar  
And soon will fall the gloaming —  
But who can put a woman's head  
On shoulders of a maid,  
Or teach that life's true measure,  
Is Duty first — then Pleasure!

Oh daughter, little daughter!

Here lies the wheat for kneading,  
And there thine idle shuttle

Rests empty by the loom;  
O who hath seen my Zahra  
Or whither is she speeding?  
Alas! 'tis hard to look for fruit  
When youth is all abloom,  
Or teach that life's best measure,  
Is Duty first — then Pleasure!

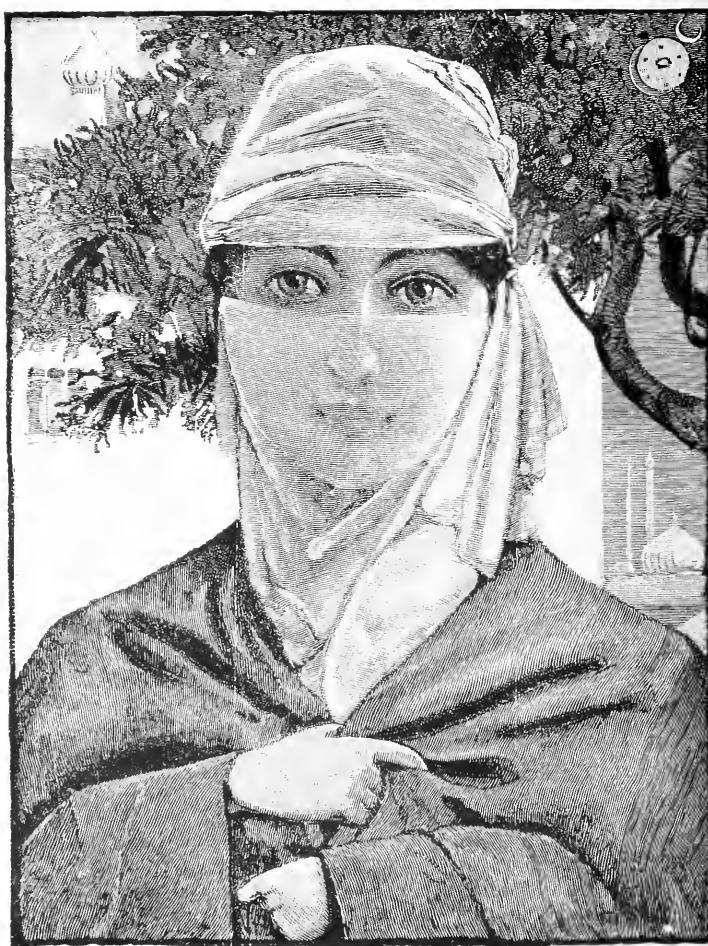
ABULCASEN, OF DAMASCUS.

A. D. 1150.

FLEET foot of the desert !  
Thou steed of my pride !  
'Tis the voice of thy master  
That calls to his side !  
With the star of the prophet  
Set fair on thy brow,  
And thy swift step as light  
As the bird on the bough,  
Like the flight of an arrow  
Afar let us ride.

The crescent grows dim  
As the cross waxeth bright,  
The sun of our people  
Is sinking in night ;  
Still, still, as we bound  
O'er the sand of the plain,  
My steel at my side  
And my hand on thy rein,  
I find the lost glory !  
I feel the old might !





ZAHRA, OF BAGDAD.



ABULCASEN, OF DAMASCUS.



LIPPO, OF FLORENCE.

A. D. 1434.

BLUE is the wonderful sky  
    Of Firenze, the fairest of cities,  
Clamor of voices and bells  
    Rings through the jubilant air,  
Banners are hung on the walls,  
    Poets are singing their ditties,  
While Cosmo the Medici rides  
    With his retinue, lordly and fair,  
Through welcoming shouts of the square!

And out to the farthest gates  
    Surge laughter and music blended,  
And into the darkest lane  
    Creeps something of sunshine and glee;  
Nay! let them talk as they will  
    Of times and of men more splendid,  
Never were days of the world  
    More wondrous than those I see,  
With their promise of glory for me!

GUISTINA, OF FERRARA.

A. D. 1434.

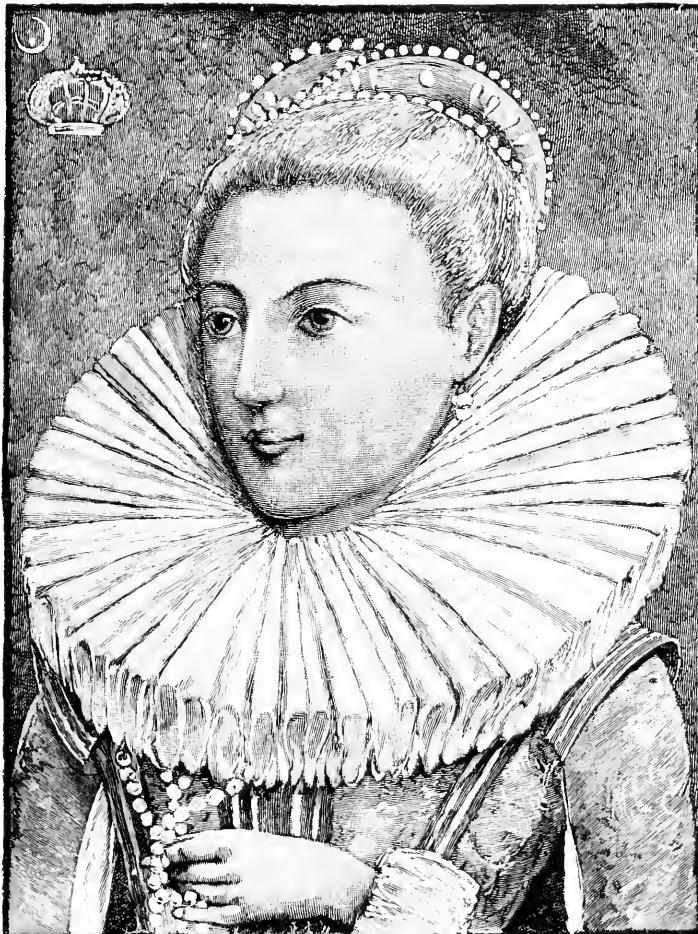
HERE in the convent garden,  
With pencil and with books.  
I commune with the glory  
And the souls of other times;  
I read delight and beauty  
In nature's loving looks,  
And weave my maiden fancies  
Across my poet's rhymes—  
Here in the convent garden  
With pencil and with books.

And if sometimes like summer clouds  
Across a summer sky,  
Vague longings,— swift as shadows,  
Across the sunshine— creep,  
To join the laughing maidens  
Who carol dancing by,  
As on the bright campagna  
They watch the browsing sheep—  
'Tis but a passing summer cloud  
Below a summer sky!





LIPPO, OF FLORENCE.



GUISTINA, OF FERRARA.



GIDEON, OF TAVISTOCK.

A. D. 1644.

A PLAGUE take all this fooling  
Of musty books and schooling,  
'Tis well enough for coward folk  
Whose blood is pale and poor!  
And out on all their preaching  
Of learning and of teaching!  
'Tis honor lifts the gentleman  
Above the paltry boor—  
Red honor, snatched from fields of blood,  
Like this of Marston Moor!

Full well my tongue rehearses  
Brave Greek and Latin verses,  
But glad I'd put such prating by  
If thus I might secure  
To be but three years older,  
To stand with gun on shoulder,  
And strike for holy England's right  
One good blow strong and sure  
Beside my sire, on such a field  
As this of Marston Moor!

AUDREY, OF YORK.

A. D. 1644.

SWIFT with the dexterous needle,  
Slow with the clumsy pen,  
Poor in the knowledge of books,  
But rich in the knowledge of men;  
Learned in housewife lore,  
Skilled as nurse and as leech,  
Pure and sweet in the soul,  
Strong and true in the speech —  
Many a Master of Arts  
Could Audrey the Puritan teach.

Wholesome in person and taste,  
Prudent and formal and kind,  
Swift of temper and wit,  
Slow of fancy and mind,  
Lofty and proud with the rich,  
Humble and fond with the low,  
Loving and leal to the friend,  
Haughty and fierce to the foe —  
Blessed and fair is the land  
Where maidens like Audrey shall grow.





GIDEON, OF TAVISTOCK.



AUDREY, OF YORK.



GABRIELLE, OF TOULON.

A. D. 1720.

O THE court of the king!  
Only to tread in its measures,  
Only to join in its pleasures,  
Feel its bright witchery round me,  
    Take what its riches can give!  
Here may be love true and tender,  
But the dull weight of this splendor  
Hangs like a fetter about me;  
There at the court one could live!

Fleetly my fancy takes wing!  
Here is but dullness and duty;  
There is the glamour of beauty,  
Here is but sameness and longing,  
    There all that gladness can bring.  
Here drag the wearisome hours;  
There dance the days through the flowers—  
O but to breathe of their fragrance  
At the beautiful court of the king!

ANDRÉ, OF PARIS.

A. D. 1720.

To-day we ride to the hawking,  
In the forest of Fontainebleau,  
I at the king's right hand  
With his hooded bird on my fist,  
And the train of Ladies and Lords  
On palfreys curveting slow,  
Or bounding through hedgerow and field  
Whither their fancies list,  
And falcons with silver bells  
Leashed at pommel and wrist.  
  
And the hollowed-eyed, hungry canaille  
Will gather to see us pass;  
Little we care for their silence  
And less for their muttering cries—  
While the ladies' silken gowns  
Will brush the dew from the grass,  
As they listen to sonnet and song  
In praise of their lips and their eyes,  
And the murmur of joy repeats  
The laugh of the summer skies.





GABRIELLE, OF TOULON.



ANDRÉ OF PARIS.



JONATHAN, OF BOSTON.

A. D. 1813.

And so the Shannon in battle  
Has taken the Chesapeake,  
With Lawrence her brave commander  
Mortally hurt in the fight!  
Well, let them joy in their spoil;  
Poor are our people and weak,  
But poorer and weaker before,  
We forced them to yield us our right,  
And the soul of a nation is stronger  
Than armor or sinew of might!

Often my Gran'ther has told  
The tale of the olden time,  
The starving at Valley Forge,  
The battle-fields piled with slain,  
The marching a-thirst and a-cold,  
The story of deeds sublime;  
Let England forget, an' she will,  
The record they wrote so plain,  
The land they bought with their blood  
Shall never be hers again!

DOROTHY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

A. D. 1812.

COME hither, child, this minute,  
And leave that jingling spinnet,  
There's no such music in it

As these rumors strange and new!  
This talk of warlike nations,  
And hostile declarations,  
These calls for arms and rations —

Is there no part for you  
But routs and balls, when Freedom calls  
For loyal hearts and true?

Call Nancy as she paces  
The minuet's slow graces,  
Bid Patty from her laces,

Her patches and her frills;  
We need the time they're spending  
For making and for mending,  
For knitting and for tending,  
For ready hands and wills,  
Till Peace once more from shore to shore  
Makes glad our happy hills.





JONATHAN, OF BOSTON.



DOROTHY, OF PHILADELPHIA.



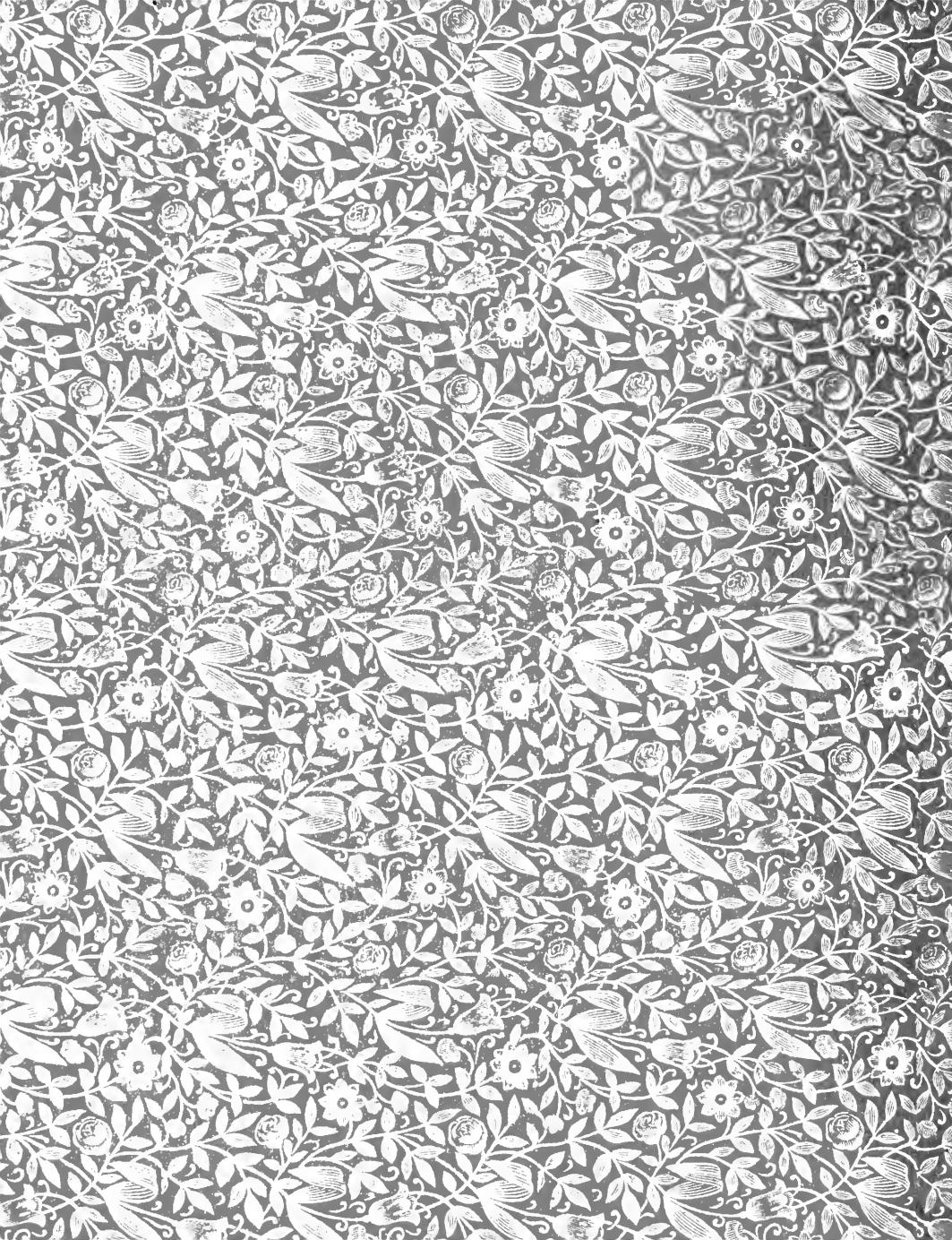


HERALD OF LIBERTY. - PRINTER, L. GASTON.









UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 274 978 6

